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Ash-Wednesday.

SIGNED with the ashes of the palms we bore,
A short year since, we bow in sudden shame
Before Thy altar, Lord, whose other Name
Is Mercy; and the hot tears downward pour.
Mindful of promises we made of yore,
That were but chaff in passion's furnace flame,
We falter when our ready lips would frame
Words for a sorrow never felt before.

Broken our vows, our high resolves betrayed—
Because our pride was greater than we knew,
With empty hands and hearts of grief we kneel
Low at Thy Mercy-Seat. We asked not aid
But trusted blindly in a strength untrue,—
Our only solace in the pain we feel.

D. V. C.

College-Man and the Republic*

THE MOST REV. JOHN IRELAND, D. D.

Gentlemen, I assure you, it is a great pleasure for me to be thus welcomed by the students of Notre Dame.... I have visited this grand University several times in past years, and when not visiting it, I heard from it. I recognize its results throughout the whole country; and although I have not been here for some years, had I consulted the affections of my heart, I should have come again and again. I thank you for the welcome and the many kind things you have said to me and to my friend of Duluth through your chosen orator. I shall not discuss how far those words are true—we shall try to

* (An address delivered in Washington Hall, before the students of the University, on Sunday, Feb. 24th).

make them true. It is well to hold up ideals, even to bishops and archbishops (*laughter and applause*).—

I recognize throughout all the world the sympathy of young hearts, the willingness of young men to go forward in the pathway of life and do good things for the Church and country. And in the presence of such young men with such ideals and resolutions, I cannot but feel a deep sense of happiness. I never come into the presence of young men without a deep feeling of the possibilities opening before them. The future is yours; the future will be as you make it. We who are already advanced on the road of life see opportunities without the hope for ourselves of seizing them. Yet we glory in these possibilities with all the energy of our souls, and we wish them to be realized.

In the presence of the students of this University, I see those by whom all these possibilities may be realized. You have before you the far better part of the 20th century—the great coming century. I believe that the 20th century will see greater things done for humanity and religion than any century that has passed since the beginning of the Christian era. My dear friends, I say candidly that I can only count on some portion of that century. You who have the better part, I salute you; I salute you in whose hands this coming century so largely is; on whose efforts and appreciation religion and country depend. I am not going to say what the mission of Notre Dame is merely for the sake of praising it. I despise anything that is said unless there is an objective truth corresponding to it; and if I did not have a high idea of your school, I would not say anything against it; but I would pass it by as gently as I could, saying very few words about it. You

may be sure that my convictions go out with it, when I say that Notre Dame is the school of the day, the school of the coming century. I have for years watched Notre Dame; I esteemed her venerable founder, Father Sorin; he was broad-minded, large-hearted—a man of the day. He would not question what others had done before, but what he was to do now. The spirit of progress that was his has remained with the University of Notre Dame. I have visited many a school and known many others and I have admired this one far more than any other; for I know that those in charge of it, its teachers, are men desirous of giving their students the very best ideas of the times, in the manner best adapted to the day. This is really the most progressive Catholic institution of the day.

In looking towards the future I build my hopes on this far more than on any other institution of the land. There is a great mission before this University; a great work to be done by its teachers; an infinite field of activity and good opening up before its students. The twentieth century will see many great aspirations filling the minds of men. Humanity has been constantly advancing; here and there individuals, nations, may be slipping backward, but the general movement is forward. And I see in this industrial progress, in the intellectual advancement which is being manifested everywhere—I see in it God's hand at work, pushing forward humanity, lifting it up, bringing it nearer and nearer to Himself, to the great ideals which He has put before us. This progress is being manifested in all countries, but especially in America.

There are two titles greater than all others—Christian and American (*prolonged applause*). And that we can assume these titles we may thank God from whom all good things come. The world without God is a world astray, without purpose. Humanity without God is cast hither and thither, like the sands of the seashore, by wind and wave. We are Christians; our first purpose is to serve Almighty God, to please Him and thereby to gain His eternal blessedness. We are Christians, and we should thank God for this great favor. Our lives, necessarily miserable without religion, would be like the lives of those who would navigate the wild seas without compass or chart. We are Christians and Americans; we love our country, not simply because it is our country; but as we read history, and study the evolution of humanity in the past, we see that in human

things, in matters social and civil, America has gone farther than any other country on the earth (*applause*). No country gives, as America gives, to its citizens civil and political freedom; no country recognizes in each man a factor capable of entering the government as does our nation. All the progress which is going on in the world is nowhere moving more rapidly than in America. Things are coming more quickly to a crisis in our own country than in any other. The destinies of the human race are centred in these United States; and those who are to be citizens of this land have opportunities open to them as none others have.

Christians and Americans! I salute you young men in these titles, and I bid you be proud of them. Keep these titles before you now in your college days, and later on in the world. We all need ideals. Ideals are high purposes towards which we strive. They are the polar stars that guide us on the dark and stormy voyage of this life. One of the misfortunes of many is that they have no ideals. They live for the day, from step to step, not knowing that that is merely animal life. We are God's rational creatures; we are going to attain that which we strive for. Take these titles, they are yours. From this moment out, sitting on your school benches, say to yourselves: I am going to be worthy of God's holy Church; He has given me great blessings in being a Christian, and I will strive every day to be worthy of that title; I will work and will do my best. Then you will be worthy to be called at all times an American citizen. Titles are mere sounds unless those titles have something corresponding to them. If we call ourselves by any name, let that name indicate a reality; and when we say we are Americans let that word indicate that we have the social and natural virtues that correspond to that name. Be true American citizens; work for your ideals in your school days, and you will work for them afterwards.

Your years in college are very important; it is then that your character is formed. It is too late in old age to do so, even if you would. As you are in your college days you will be throughout your whole life. Men change very little as they advance—very little. The truth of this struck me when I was visiting France a few years ago and met some of my college friends. Almost invariably I found them the logical results of their college days. Those who were lazy twenty-five years ago were lazy three or four years ago; those who were ener-

getic at school were energetic when I saw them last; those who were honest, who strove to build up character, were esteemed and honored; those, on the contrary, who seemed to live for their own satisfaction, I found to be much the same as in youth. I cannot lay too much stress on the importance of your college days. As you are to-day you will be in the future. Work constantly to be what you would be. We are all intended to work. Trouble comes if we do not fulfil our mission. Study hard every day; never regard your study as a matter of routine. You are here to develop your intellects, to obtain all the information you can. Say, then, every moment: "I am going to do the very best I can." Say when you take out your books: "I am going to gain a thorough knowledge of every question that is brought before me." Do nothing in a slipshod way; do it thoroughly. Above all seek to understand things.

How many go through college and receive instruction from masters, but show little intelligence? It is because all their lessons just touch the surface of their souls. It is because their mental faculties were never exercised. All the instruction given to students is but to suggest. I never mind how much a student knows at the time; what I ask is: "Does he think?" By industry you will succeed, and as you succeed in your classes, so will you develop intellect and character. I certainly would advise you to be boys in this sense, to be always joyful, happy, contented; always ready to take part in play and recreation; troubles will come soon enough. Let them not come to darken your college days. But I would have you be manly, too; in all your relations with each other, the highest principles of morality and honesty of purpose ought to govern your actions. The principle in American schools is to leave students to themselves to develop in themselves a sentiment of honor, to make every boy feel that on him depends the honor of the school. Do right whether you are a thousand miles or only a yard from your masters. Boys who do right because they are watched are not worth much. I would rather have a boy break a rule under his teacher's eye, and say he couldn't help it, or something of the sort, than to have him play the hypocrite. You have often seen on the prairies those little shrubs that move with every wind and the great elms that are not disturbed by the most violent storms. I would have all American boys like these elms (*applause*). Say always: "It is right, I am going to do it." Let the heavens fall, but let justice be done.

American citizenship is based on manhood. We have no standing army; we depend altogether on the honor of the people; we expect they will do what is right because it is right. It ought to be the same in your college days; have that sentiment of honor. The moment I discover that a boy is very good under the eyes of the master, but, when he is one hundred yards away, breaks the rule, I have no confidence in him. Cultivate this spirit of personal honor, and oh! how it will stand by you in after years. You will have many troubles; you will be left to yourself; you will be your own master. What will you do if you have not this spirit of honor? How many young men, good under the eyes of father or mother make shipwreck of their lives when they go out into the world, because they have no strength of character. Of course, you must not forget to develop in your souls a deep spirit of piety. You must know that you live for God, to obey Him and to love your fellow-men. Foster a love for God, and when you unite this with religion, you will be able to disdain all temptations.

In a few years your college days will be of the past. As you advance in life, many difficulties will meet you; but in your later years do not swerve from the path on which you entered. You will not believe how many failures there are; how many boys went out with good resolutions and fell by the way. There must be a holy purpose in your lives. God's blessing will not let you make a failure of life; so determine that you are going to make a success of it. Now, to do this have always the high ideals I have spoken of before, and let your souls be filled with enthusiasm to attain these ideals. Be, as your spokesman said, optimists; aim at the best; hope for the best, and work and live for the best. Those who are always timid never accomplish much. God did not give us our energies to hide them; we ought to display them. We read in the Bible that one servant had ten talents, another five, another two, and they did as much as they could with them, but a fourth one had one talent and he hid it. You know what happened. No man has a right to have a power of soul which he does not nurture. Anyone will condemn the tree that does not put forth leaves and fruit on every branch. So it is with our souls. If we have left one energy undeveloped, Almighty God cannot be pleased with us.

One of the greatest misfortunes of our day is that our young men read only the newspapers; and it is true of college-bred men as well as of others. I always admire the young man who has a library, adding a book or two every year to that library, even if he has but the courage to look at the backs of the books. Some day he will be moved to read them. I have often gone to the houses of learned men, and when I found no library, I assure you I did not respect them very much. Be sure to have your library and a select one. Have books on some subject you are interested in, and books that every one knows and loves. It is a great thing to meet a man with whom you can converse on topics other than the merest commonplace. When I travel on the cars and happen to fall into conversation with a man who is widely read, I feel that I am in the presence of one whom I must esteem. But how many we find with whom we can talk only on the most commonplace themes! The intellect can and ought to be cultivated until death has come and we stand in the presence of God.

Avoid as you advance in years the special temptations that come to young men. I am not going to mention all of them, only one—intemperance. As you go through the world and watch your fellow men, you will find the majority of failures in life to be due to intemperance. This vice of intemperance attacks the weak and the strong, the educated and the ignorant. It is the generous and open-hearted men that are most exposed to this terrible curse. Determine then to avoid that temptation. I would advise every young man to go forth armed with the pledge of total abstinence. A man is absolutely secure with it; without it there is danger. It is all very well for a young man to say: "I will take only one glass"; but will he stop at one? Pledge total abstinence; for there is in it discipline, and discipline makes character. The underlying principle of character is self-control. If we practice this self-control on one point, we shall surely practice it in everything. The young man who can refuse a glass of wine can say no to the other temptations of life. Some men say, "I could if I would;" but why do they not show that their boast is not an empty one? Remember we have many temptations in life, and self-control is the great power that leads to success. Practise then this self-control in the matter of drink, and you will build up character.

Throughout life live up to your ideals; be throughout life true Americans.

We find so many of our young men who could attain to high distinction lose all success because they fall at once into what we would term "low politics." They must have immediate success, and to secure that success they are willing to lend themselves to any form of meanness to gain positions for themselves. They barter their honor for a success that can never be permanent, and do lasting injury to their country and their religion.

The kingliest fact of freedom is the freeman's vote. The young man who advances to the polls to cast his ballot is really a monarch, and he ought to feel how great is his responsibility. Consider well, too, before you cast your vote, the merits of the candidates. Your vote belongs to the country, and not merely to a personal friend. It must be first of all for the common weal, and that being secured, then you may consider the claims of friendship. Choose the political party that you like; but anything that is for the good of America must first of all command your support. If Americans, having all the rights and privileges of citizens, will use the ballot for unworthy ends, there is no hope for our country; sooner or later the Republic must totter and fall. Who should give the example of true citizenship? Who, if not the graduates of this University? Remember you are to sustain the honor of your *Alma Mater*. Why, six hundred is enough to leaven the whole mass of the American people. The whole nation will be impressed by your example. It is all very well to look up to the figure of Washington and shed tears for the sufferings of our soldiers in the civil war; but it is an empty show unless we do our duty day after day as good citizens, Christian American young men. . . .

To speak very plainly to you, the Church has suffered too much in this country, because of the bad citizens among the number of its children; and if they are bad citizens in this world they will be bad ones in the next. Now, it is the practical Christian that the country needs and is anxious for at present. The University will put you forth six hundred citizens, and the people will say: "Where did they get their ideas of citizenship?" And when they hear that it was in the Christian schools they now fear so much, their eyes will be opened to the importance of Christian education. Men will say: "Well, now, we will judge the school by the citizens it trains. What sort of citizens are they?" And if they are men

who vote dishonestly the school suffers; but if they find them manly citizens, the tree has proved itself by its fruit. This is your mission, young men of the University; I could not give you a nobler one. Remember that whatever you do must tend to your eternal salvation, and those who have the blessing of God upon their efforts in this life are the men who always do their duty. You need not proclaim to everyone that you are a Catholic, but, when occasion offers, speak for the faith that is in you. It is an attribute of the American character that you will always have the credit of your convictions. Those who do their duty, whose lives are a testimony to the sincerity of their motives, are always respected. There may be some fools who are not capable of grasping that; but the greater number of the American people are willing to give credence to honest convictions; and they wish those who have convictions to put them forth.

Untruthfulness of character is terrible before God and man; dishonesty in word or act always meets with the condemnation it deserves. Those who are swayed by human respect are sooner or later despised by their fellowmen. Have always that true courage to profess what you are and what you believe. And as intellectual Christians you have a mission for God's Church. Remember you cannot act and speak for yourselves,—you act and speak for the whole Christian Church. If you do anything disgraceful you injure your religion; if you do anything honorable you honor that religion. Say to yourselves that the whole Church is for the time being dependent on me. Those who allow themselves to be punished rather than deny their principles are men. The martyrs refused a hundred times to deny their faith. I do not ask you to become martyrs, only be true to God and your better self. Do what you can to put your holy religion before the eyes of your fellowmen. You owe that much to it; and you must try ever to overcome the indifference to holy things that is so prevalent in our country.

Catholics are too timid and the Church suffers because they do not enter positions where their religion might be honored. For example, in the literature and politics of America, Catholics, in proportion to their number, are not at all properly represented. How many Catholic young men write for the magazines? Some, but not many. How many of the Catholic young men are found in the philanthropic movements of the land? Not a handful. And if I find any fault with the Catholic

universities of to-day it is that their students are not found often enough in the higher walks of life. And this is a duty I would assign to young men,—to make the most of their abilities in every line—write, think, act. Do not be timid. It is all very well to be humble, and say: "I don't amount to much." You must not forget that the principles you uphold are great; so great that they must lend a dignity to those who defend them, who live by them. I want you to be heard from as good writers on social, historical and scientific questions in the reviews. I want to hear from you when there is a gathering of citizens for the correcting of some abuse. And when I find the young men are not in these movements I feel very much like laying hands on them and throwing them in (*applause*). Don't allow any good movement to be lost because of your indifference; send in your name and promise your co-operation....

Now, young men, you are going into the world of real life; and when you are doing well at home, send word to Notre Dame that you are working to keep up the Gold and Blue of your *Alma Mater* (*applause*). Well, gentlemen, when I come in contact with young men it makes me feel young again. When I tell you of the future possibilities, I feel that I am almost realizing them. As long as we are alive, let us do what we can. I have enjoyed this gathering, and go home refreshed and encouraged. I hope you will be ambitious. I wish to leave you some good thought, and I tell you be ambitious of making your lives worthy of those two titles that are yours by right—Christian and American. Make your mark; be individual! There are too many men who do as others do. If the graduates of Notre Dame do not rise, who will? What a shame when you go back and find men who have had very little Christian training making themselves better citizens than you are yourselves. What a shame!

Make use of your talents; and when you honor yourselves you honor your school, and that is the best mark you can make. *Gaudium meum et corona mea*. And when your teachers go through the states of America and find the students doing their work, and when they pick up the magazines and find their students' names, they will be glad. I believe it will be so in the coming years.

"To look one way and row another may do on water, but not on land. Do one thing well rather than a number badly."

Humor in Real Life.

FRANCIS E. EVANSON, '96.

It is characteristic of man to be humorous, just as it is for him to be serious. Here, again, has something akin to fortune smiled, not upon a few but upon all; for everyone has a sense of humor; it may be keener in some than in others, still it is sufficiently developed in each to lighten the many tedious tasks in life, and, as it were, to illuminate them.

We can even imagine the old miser, stooped with age and peevish from infirmities, laughing at his neighbor, who, though in reduced circumstances, continues to live on in the height of luxury. There is perhaps nothing very humorous about it, nevertheless, he sees the ridiculous side of it.

To draw, exactly, the dividing line between wit and humor is not a trifling task. So closely linked are they that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish one from the other; yet so widely different can they be made, that we may fear one and court the other. Wit depends more on the individual, his aptness in seeing, his ability to point out a relation between things which will cause amusement. At its best it comes in a flash, dazzles its victim and goes out. In the hands of a master, we have been told, it becomes a sharpened weapon, and this is certainly true. He defends his assertions, opposes the attacks of his opponents, not by pure reasoning, but with the assistance of a power by which he can put an adversary in a most embarrassing position. So long as he is with us we may laugh, but behind our mirth is the dread that he might turn on his own friends. In moderate quantities wit is a wholesome thing, because it pleases, still in any but a cautious hand it may become dangerous. Who would care to applaud the answer Lady Montague made to Pope, when he asked her the definition of an interrogation point. It is a wonderful bit of wit, but that is all.

In the humor which permeates our daily life such disagreeable qualities are lacking. There is no splash, no sudden rush of blood to the head; all comes in a gentle way, and, too, without any bitterness. The one who is the object of our mirth may laugh with us without that uncomfortable feeling of heat. Like encouragement and good advice, it lingers and

exerts an influence for many years. Though not accomplishing great results, it bears not a little weight in the struggle of life. The humorous man cannot hope to move the masses, nor by aid of his predominate faculty expect to solve intricate political problems, though he can endeavour to make more cheerful the time that must be spent by those who undertake such work.

Thus are seen the two extremes, their relation and dependence upon one another. Still, however close may be this co-operation a great fault may arise. If the watchword, moderation, is not heeded, the humorist becomes a fool, his more serious brother a fanatic. To the relief of many may it be said, that this is but the exception; that in real life the two are found moderately blended in the true sense of the word. This sort of humor finds a welcome place at the dinner table, at the evening gathering, everywhere in life. It is enjoyed by the student after his hour of study, and appreciated by the laborer after the day's work is done.

Often, a conversation or a discussion in which neither of the participants will admit, much less be convinced of, the truth of the other's assertion, is brought to a happy close by a bit of humor. The ridiculous part is seen, and all can laugh at their folly. But deliver us from him who would make a joke of everything, who chooses to make light of such things as the many hold sacred, or who, perhaps, is so funny that people would silence him, were it not for their good nature. Such as these are either bores or examples of a clever mind ill-using a noble talent.

The men who have figured most prominently in the world's history were not of a humorous turn. They performed marvellous feats; but these, for the most part, were to satisfy their unbounded personal ambition. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon and Mahomet swayed a world of men, their efforts were rewarded by many great results; but what were these compared with the amount of energy exerted? On the other hand, Sir Thomas More, St. Philip de Neri, Abraham Lincoln, had each a delicate sense of humor, and they moved among men, bringing a joy and pleasure with them. More had often humbled his ill-natured wife by a pleasant turn of wit. St. Philip, patting his penitents on the cheek, would cheer them up by some playful remark. These men cared not to make life such a serious thing as to cause it to become a burden.

Abraham Lincoln, too, made use of humor. Over and over have his favorite anecdotes been told, and with the same effect. They seem to lose none of their substance, so cheerful, so simple are they. With him it often had great force and gained a point which, perhaps, by other means would not have been so easily decided. It is related that once, having occasion to examine a certain witness, he asked: "Well, my friend, how much did you and my client here fight over?" The fellow answered: "About six acres." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "don't you think that this is an almighty big crop of fight to gather from such a small piece of ground?" The jury laughed; the court, district attorney and complainant joined, and the case was laughed out of court.

The value of humor in our present day is great. We have come to consider the smallest thing in a serious light. The scientist, the politician, the economist must take into consideration the slightest details. So it is with those who, outside of their calling, would make the best of life, the little things must be noticed, and one of these is humor. It not only brings the minds and hearts of men closer together, and acts as a medium of friendship, but also strengthens. Who would imagine Robespierre, for instance, or Calvin, joking? Who would dare approach them without timidity and ask advice?

These men, stern in their manner, may have had a sense of humor, yet they cared not to display it. But who would not prefer to mingle humor with pleasure, to smile because there are reasons for it? Not going through life, looking only at the amount of work to be done, and laboring at it; but living with people, who occasionally relieve a weary mind by a bit of mirth, and at the same time make others feel that such exercise is healthful.

Futurity.

I stood on the bank of a beautiful river
Whose waters ran swiftly their course to the sea;
The hurry and sweep of its current forever
Seemed eager to sever its bonds and be free.

So also man's life to eternity's ocean
Glides onward where sorrow and death may not
creep;
And the ripples, that ruffle the soul with emotion,
Shall vanish like foam on the breast of the deep.

W. P. B.

The Mountains by Moonlight.

M. JAMES NEY, '97.

"Never mind your full dress-suit or patent leather shoes, Marshall, but don your coat and come on quickly; we're off for Red Mountain. The miners are to give their annual ball there this evening, and I want you to join the select party of young people whom I have invited to accompany me in my private car for a moonlight trip over the mountains," said that most affable young railway manager, Mr. Moses Linerman, of the Rainbow route, as he entered my room in the Hotel Grand at Silverton one fine evening last July.

I was dozing on the sofa, indulging in a post-prandial cigar, and perusing the latest copy of the *Rocky Mountain News*; but away with such diversions when a moonlight trip through the mountains is in prospect. In a moment I had donned my sombrero, thrown my mackintosh over my shoulder, and was keeping step with my genial friend toward the station, where stood attached to the private car "Geneva," the engine "Little Giant," steaming and snorting as if impatient to start on its run.

For the conviction of skeptical readers I will state right here that the Rainbow route is not a mere creation of the mind—as its very name would import—but a real narrow-gauge railroad, with ties and iron rails like all other railroads. It has its existence through forty miles of the most beautiful scenery on the American continent. Starting at Silverton, the little iron horse dashes through flowering valleys, over mighty rivers, through gorgeous cañons, swings around lofty mountains, like a little dog trying to catch his tail, leaps from mountain side to summit, like a gazelle, and finally terminates its trip in the picturesque village of Ironton. The construction of the little railroad has ever been the wonder of the engineering world, and all knights of the chain and transit agree that it is the greatest piece of work ever accomplished.

It was after eight o'clock when Billy Booker, one of the most skilful engineers that ever sat in a cab, pulled open the throttle of the "Little Giant" and started up the cañon that leads from the beautiful San Juan Valley, in whose bosom nestles the pretty little city of Silverton. In a few minutes we are moving rapidly along the steep side of Mount Lora. A

glance to the right reveals the beautiful cañon of Los Pinos stretching away into apparent infinity. Through its basin runs the placid Cement Creek—in the bosom of which are reflected as in a mirror the clumps of picturesque pine trees that overhang its moss-covered ledges. The lingering rays of the setting sun light up the snowy cap of Mount Kendall with an indescribable splendor, but the twilight is rapidly fading from the picturesque valleys, and the shadows of night are fast falling into the deep recesses of the mountains.

Our party, composed of four young women, three young men, and that prince of good-fellows, Colonel Tennant, proprietor of the Hotel Grand, are as merry a lot as one ever meets. The Colonel is a happy individual, always brimming over with good humor. He tips the beam at two hundred and seventy-five pounds, smokes havannas, and looks upon life as a huge joke. Then there are the Colonel's two pretty daughters, with their exquisite soprano voices—popularly known as the song-birds of the San Juan Valley—and we insist on their singing "Annie Laurie," "Sweet Marie," and "Marguerite" very often. Then there is the Doctor's curly-headed sister so full of merriment that she is continually poking fun at us. Of course she has with her the inevitable lunch-basket—which all women take with them, when they go four rods from home—and from its mysterious depths she digs up ginger snaps, hoary with antiquity, and vinegar pickles, strong enough to raise the dead. And she has such a sweet persuasive manner of saying "won't you have some?" that it would be almost a sin to refuse, but when she has perpetrated her little pickle trick on us, she breaks forth in a flood of laughter, while we grope for the water tank in order to avoid choking to death.

The "Little Giant" puffs hard as it turns the sharp curves around Mount Clara. We proceed cautiously along the narrow road-bed hewn into the side of granite mountains. A look into the basin below—a distance of several thousand feet—makes us dizzy. So great is the distance that the tall pine trees appear as very diminutive bushes. Now we have reached Cork Screw Gulch, where the "Little Giant" takes on a fresh supply of coal and water, and we take a glass of lemonade prepared by the dexterous hand of Mrs. Cunningham, the section foreman's wife. Another half hour's hard work for the "Little Giant" and we have reached the Snowy Range—with its summits of

perpetual snow. It seems a bit queer to pick up snow-balls during the sultry days of July, but here we are standing upon six feet of the beautiful, and our mackintoshes feel very comfortable. The light air caused by the extreme altitude causes us to falter as we walk, and, indeed, to feel very dizzy, but the Doctor's curly-headed sister remarks that the Cork Screw Gulch lemonade was a shade too strong for us.

Now we have reached the summit of the Range and stop to take a view of the surrounding country. The evening is beautiful. The moon, just rising above the snowy dome of Mount Solomon, throws her soft rays over evergreen-covered hills, and valleys of roses, and causes the stately pines to reflect their long black shadows in the placid bosom of the Rio Grande River. Occasional waterfalls gush from overhanging cliffs, fall a distance of several hundred feet, throwing crystal sprays into the air which gleam and glitter in the moonlight like a shower of falling stars.

To the south, unfurling like a beautiful panorama is the picturesque Hermosa Valley. What a scene of pastoral beauty! Great fields of clover, through which flow crystal streams, waving fields of grain, apple and peach trees, with their delicious burdens growing red in the mid-summer sun. Extensive pastures filled with thrifty herds of cattle and sheep, snug farm houses that nestle in luxurious beds of sun-flowers, as pretty as a song, green bayous filled with water-lilies—all combine to make the Hermosa a veritable paradise! Now we enter a broad and picturesque cañon with great projecting rocks overhanging the track. A glance ahead reveals long rows of stately pines that throw thier shadows against the granite walls and stand in symmetrical regularity like a range of equi-distant columns. Now we enter a narrow pass and immediately we are at the little village of Red Mountain.

Let us imagine a vale of flowers converted into one great ball-room, with the star-studded sky for a canopy and the sweet moon in the zenith of heaven for a great electric light—throngs of beautiful maidens, in summer costumes and white satin slippers, wearing crowns of roses, and tripping the light fantastic to sweet strains of music, mingled with the murmur of waterfalls, and the nightingale's high note, and we have an adequate idea of the Miner's Ball.

Our genial host quickly introduced us to this gay multitude, and soon we joined in the

blithe *Chassé*. We found it a profound pleasure to mingle with those honest sons of toil. Although they lack many of the conventionalities of the æsthetic, there is in them a great and wholesome nature, and a sincerity of motive that discountenances all artificial courtesy. Their hospitality was overwhelming; nor could we tear ourselves away, until the "wee sma" hours of the morning. It was almost daybreak when our little party returned to Silverton, somewhat tired, to be sure, but nevertheless wishing that the Miner's Ball would occur oftener than once a year.

Bunyan and De Quincey.

WILLIAM P. BURNS, '96.

We have been asked to express our views on the relative merits in the styles of De Quincey and Bunyan. From personal observation I can say but little; for my knowledge of the authors in question is little more than what I have gleaned from the short selections in Genung's "Analysis." Frequently I have listened to lectures and conversations on the almost contrasting differences in their styles, but I was never interested enough to make an exhaustive study of their works. In the first place one observes that Bunyan's thoughts are clothed largely in old Saxon, the tongue of the common people, for whom his "Pilgrim's Progress" was written. His expressions are devoid of all pretense and affectation. No bombast ever creeps in, and the story he tells gains much of its force and all of its clearness from the simplicity of his style, which savors greatly of the Bible.

Bunyan is nowhere diffuse. His vocabulary is certainly a very limited one. The copiousness and fluency of speech with which other writers, De Quincey in particular, are gifted, were entirely wanting in the humble, yet defiant, tinker of Bedford. But this is not surprising, when we consider the fact that all his literary art and knowledge of words came from a constant perusal of the Bible. And to no other source than the Bible can one attribute his style.

Many of the old Saxon expressions and terms have become obsolete. Yet, as a whole, they are more forcible and accurate than words taken from any other language, and in some of the pathetic scenes, in which our literature is so rich, they are remarkably effective. Take in

Thackeray, for instance, some sentence strikingly pathetic, or any other passage that vividly displays the touch of the master, and on closer observation it will be found to consist almost wholly of Saxon derivatives. The same is true of the novels of Dickens, and Cardinal Newman owed much of his wonderful force to his affection for Saxon words. The most remarkable fact about Bunyan is that he had nothing approaching to what we would call a liberal education, but wrote from pure inspiration. He saw the evils man must contend with, and he depicts them as graphically as they were revealed to him. He had his own experience for an example, and he wrote accordingly. So life-like are his representations that he honestly deserves his place among the standard authors of English literature.

De Quincey, on the other hand, had all the advantages of a classical education at Oxford. By persevering energy he attained an exactness which has never been equalled by any other English writer. His clearness is fully equal to that of Bunyan. And no sentence of his but gives evidence of the careful study and deliberation spent upon its construction. His periods are so well arranged that he leads one up to the climax gradually without any perceptible break in their connection.

His words are used carefully and precisely, and he has larger resources to draw from than had Bunyan. Occasionally, however, he is given to pedantry, and again he lapses into the oratorical style of Macaulay, without giving us any of the music of Macaulay's brilliant sentences.

These are the main defects in De Quincey's style. But they are not enough to impair the strength and eloquence of his diction. By the potent spell of his magic—call it, rather, science—he renders insignificant subjects of deep interest, and at the same time gives us the results of close observation. Both Bunyan and De Quincey have their good and bad qualities. But if we accept as our creed, the *dicta*, of the critics of our own day, we will put the polish and elegance of the essayist above the rugged strength of the moralist of "Pilgrim's Progress."

"WHAT is lovely never dies,
But passes into other loveliness,
Star-dust or sea-foam, flower or wingéd air;—
If this befalls our poor unworthy flesh,
Think thee what destiny awaits the soul."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The Rev. F. J. Nugent, of Des Moines, Iowa, will deliver his famous lecture, "The Lost Confessional," in Washington Hall on Tuesday next.

—After looking over the programme of the last two entertainments given in Washington Hall, we have come to the conclusion that vocal music is a thing of the past. Fancy a single chorus struggling to hold its own against nine instrumental numbers. We have violin, mandolin and brass quartettes, and why in the name of Orpheus can't we have a singing quartette. It was an institution in former years; it is the gravest possible mistake to let it decline, and the SCHOLASTIC hopes that it will not be wanting on the next occasion. And let it sing us more national songs; "Columbia" alone cannot give to a concert a flavor patriotic and American enough for Washington's Birthday.

—We regret exceedingly that we are unable to give the full text of Archbishop Ireland's address to the students of the University on Sunday last. Our stenographers were only human, and, like every one else, they fell under the spell of His Grace's eloquence, and forgot their curves and dashes and the

interests of the SCHOLASTIC to listen for themselves. We do not censure them; on the contrary, we thank them heartily, Mr. Maguire in particular, for their patience and skill in transcribing their pages and pages of hieroglyphics for the benefit of our readers. When we had finished the last proof-sheet, we began to realize how strong and forceful is the personality of the great Archbishop of St. Paul, and how weak the printed words seem in comparison with the spoken. Such as it is, we submit the address with an apology to the Archbishop for the many omissions, and a wish that all our readers might have heard him for themselves.

The SCHOLASTIC is nothing if not grateful, and it always rejoices when any of its friends achieve distinction. But when the friend is so true as Father Zahm has always been, and the honor so unique as a Ph. D., conferred by the Vatican itself, we may be pardoned a little extra enthusiasm. The degree could not have found a more fit or worthy recipient, for our Reverend Professor of Physics has done great things for science and the Church. His "Bible, Science and Faith" is one of the most remarkable exegetical works the modern world knows; and his "Sound and Music," a classic of its kind, gave him, at once, a recognized place as an authority on the science of music.

The intelligence reached the University last Wednesday evening while the Faculty was in executive session; but when the news was announced, business was forgotten for the moment, and the modest Doctor was almost overwhelmed with congratulations. The SCHOLASTIC hastens to offer the Doctor its own felicitations, with its best wishes that his future career may fulfil the promise of the present. We add the letter of Monsignor Satolli, which accompanied the degree.

APOSTOLIC DELEGATION, U. S. A.,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 24, 1895.

VERY REVEREND DEAR SIR:—I enclose with this the Brief from the Propaganda creating the Reverend Father Zahm a Doctor of Philosophy. In sending it to you for him, I desire to express my sincerest congratulations, and hope that this honor, which the Holy Father has so graciously conferred on him, may serve as an incentive to him to labor still more strenuously in the development and propagation of Christian science.

With sentiments of high esteem, I remain,
Most faithfully yours in Xto.,

✠ FRANCIS ABB. SATOLLI,
Del. Apost.

VERY REV. W. CORBY, C. S. C.

Archbishop Ireland at Notre Dame.

Last Sunday was a red-letter in the history of the Jubilee year. The University was *en fête* in honor of the visit of the Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, and the Rt. Rev. James McGolrick, Bishop of Duluth. All day the corridors and reception rooms of the main building were thronged by visitors from South Bend and neighboring cities, all eager to catch a glimpse, if nothing more, of the great leader of thought in the Northwest. And none of them were disappointed; the Archbishop and his kindly colleague of Duluth were as easy of access as the humblest of laymen, and they had pleasant words for every one of the crowd.

Accompanied by Bishop McGolrick, Hon. W. J. Onahan, our Very Rev. President, Father Morrissey, Rev. J. A. Zahm and Professor Egan, the Archbishop left Chicago, the scene of his late triumph on the 22d, at 3.15, Saturday afternoon. The party was met at the Lake Shore Station by the Vice-President of the University, Rev. James J. French, and various members of the Faculty, and two of the Archbishop's comrades of war-time days, his fellow-chaplains, Father Corby and Father Cooney. Carriages were taken to the University, and the evening was quietly spent in renewing old friendships and talking over old times.

Archbishop Ireland is no stranger at Notre Dame, though the students who remember his last visit in 1888, when Father Sorin's Jubilee was celebrated, are very few indeed. But he has ever had the sympathy of all at the University, because he has always been so uncompromisingly American, so earnest in his fight for good citizenship and the rights of his fellow Catholics. And the reception given him by the students last Sunday was royal and honest and hearty; such a one as might be given to a man who was a personal friend of every student. At noon, His Grace presided at a dinner given in his honor in the Brownson Hall refectory, and directly afterwards an informal reception for the students was held in the main parlor.

Promptly at three, the exercises of the formal reception began in Washington Hall. After an overture, "American Airs," by the University Orchestra, Mr. D. P. Murphy, '95, read an eloquent address of welcome to Archbishop Ireland and Bishop McGolrick. Mr. Murphy was at his best, and again and again he was interrupted

by the applause that his stirring words aroused. Addresses and words of greeting always lose much of their charm in cold type; but we print Mr. Murphy's because it so well expressed the love and admiration that all at the University have for the two Bishops.

"MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP:

"We, the students of the University of Notre Dame, have long wished to greet you within the sacred precincts of our home. We have for many months hoped that you would disentangle yourself from your engagements to keep your promise to us. We are not ashamed to say that we believe in the future; we have been taught the lessons of the past and also that to the optimist belongs the world. We are not only optimists, but, as becomes Americans with ideals, hero-worshippers. And you, Archbishop, are one of our heroes. As a Prince of the Church, we honor you; as a staunch upholder of truth and justice, we admire you; as a man of that future in which we hope and believe, we love you. Dreams of usefulness, which were only dreams, you have shown us how to realize. In you, religion and patriotism have been so closely blended that you are a living example of a union which bigots have declared to be impossible; we need not deny the calumnies of the ignorant and malicious against the possibilities of that blessed union;—we have only to point to you.

"If John Ireland were merely a citizen of the United States,—after that of the priest of God, there is no higher title!—we should be proud of you; but when to your qualities as a man, we add, in our memories, the fact that you are an Archbishop, full of the zeal for freedom that forced the Magna Charta from King John, of the stern principles of a Carroll, and the sympathy of a Cardinal Cheverus, we salute you as the happiest compound of characteristics that God could give our time and country.

"Priest of God, firm and noble, we salute you! American—the truest of Americans!—in the very echo of the joy-bells that rang on the feast of Washington, we welcome you to the first place in the hearts of the students of Notre Dame.

"Your presence, too, Right Reverend Bishop, is not only a signal honor for the University; but still more a great encouragement for every student of Notre Dame. Your zeal for the House of God; your untiring activity, the sterling worth of your character, and, more than these, your rare modesty, joined to a more than ordinary learning, shall be for us an example and a lesson. You came to us with your noble friend, the great Archbishop of St. Paul, and with him you will teach the young men of the University how to prepare themselves to be worthy children of the Church, loyal citizens of the Republic.

"Welcome, thrice welcome, are you, the first Bishop of Duluth."

The programme was short—music by the Mandolin Club and the Violin Quartette; two recitations, "The Uncle," by Mr. J. Devanney, '95, and "The Moor's Revenge," by Mr. J. Mott, '95—for everyone was anxious for the Archbishop himself to begin the talk that he had promised. When he did begin, his audience understood why he has such a wonderful influence, such a

command over the hearts of all who hear him. He has none of the tricks of the elocutionist; but there is a personality, a magnetism, in the man that makes the listener forget self to follow blindly whithersoever the Archbishop leads. He spoke for something more than an hour on the college man's duty to the Republic, and his words were like trumpet calls to his thousand listeners. On other pages we give his address, minus the eloquence, minus the force of the spoken words, but still full of inspiration for every American Catholic.

D. V. C.

Washington and the Thespians.

Washington's birthday is always a bright day for the Thespians. For years they have honored the name of Washington by appropriate exercises, and again and again won for themselves the glory of being the first dramatic society of Notre Dame. Whether it is the patriotism that the day inspires, or talent seeking to be known, or a mixture of the two, that makes their exhibitions so successful, we cannot say. But the fact remains that the expectations of the best friends of the Thespians have always been fully realized, and the efforts of the dramatic society crowned with success.

Friday evening, the 22d ult., witnessed one of the most splendid and successful celebrations that have been seen in Washington Hall for years. The Thespians surpassed themselves. Before an audience, swelled to unusual numbers by the patrons and friends of the University, they presented a programme, which, because of its difficulty, won them all the more praise.

Promptly at four o'clock the exercises were opened by the University Orchestra with a series of inspiring national airs. Next the Glee Club sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," to the delight of the audience. Mr. Armstead M. Prichard, '96, followed with the oration of the day. Mr. Prichard has a good delivery—ease, self-possession and grace being his principal characteristics. His oration was faulty in one respect, namely, its brevity. We give it entire:

WASHINGTON, THE MODEL.

"The tide of events which carries with it the labors of another year has ebbed away into oblivion. We meet again on this hallowed anniversary to pay a tribute of love and veneration to the memory of our country's

Father. To-day, millions of hearts throb with pulsations of joy, and as many voices re-echo in praise of him whose name is surrounded by a halo of glory. The ardor of the young and the reviving strength of the old vie with each other on this joyous occasion. To-day, men who have shone in the ranks of battle, and who have exchanged the quick step of youth for the faltering gait of age, come forth arrayed in their coats of faded blue. Their blood, grown cold in advancing years, thrills again with passionate fire at the sound of martial music. In the din of excitement a vision of the past arises before them, and in it they see their triumphal armies celebrating victory. They forget their age and infirmities amid the roar of cannon. The fire of their souls flashes forth with rekindling vigor, as they watch squadrons of soldiers passing before them and listen to the roll of musketry.

"They love the crack of the musket, and each successive shot links itself to the memory of some departed hero. But first in their thought is he 'whom Providence made childless, that a whole nation might call him father.' Truly, has it been said that among the men whom God has designed for particular works, none stands more honorably conspicuous than our own, our illustrious Washington.

"At the mention of that name let the cheek of every American glow with honest enthusiasm. It carries us back to the cradle of our glorious Republic. It brings us face to face with those men whom friends revere, and even enemies admire. It guides us into the midst of the first cabinet, where Adams, and Jefferson, and Hamilton sit—men in whom the love of country silenced the voice of ambition. Yet these men little dreamed, when they framed our peerless Constitution, that the first century of our liberty would see America involved in civil war. They little dreamed that the end of that century would find men predicting the deterioration of our splendid Republic into a monarchy. But such there have been. Yes, and men schooled in the books of wisdom. They look about them, and everywhere they see avarice and selfishness wearing the garments that once belonged to charity and liberality. In the halls of Congress they see, not the representatives of the American people, but of filthy lucre.

"This is why we should meet on festive days to recall the memory of men whose integrity was spotless and whose patriotism was sacred. We are told that man is easily wrought upon by the example of his fellows. Thus while we meet to honor the hero of American liberty, let us strive to imbibe some of the admirable principles which marked the outline of his extraordinary character—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that among mere men ever crowned a glorious life by an equally glorious death.

"The noble character of Washington was the natural consequence of a well-spent youth under the direction of a prudent and pious mother, whose religious ardor was easily instilled into the character of her boy. Her chief aim seems to have been to polish and soften his manners, and teach him self-control. This he cultivated to a degree of perfection rarely attained; and upon this, might it not be said, the foundation of our present liberty stands—upon that self-control which enabled him to ignore the calumny that frequently assailed him; yes, upon that self-control which gave him strength to stifle the voice of ambition, and refuse a crown.

"Backed by this remarkable trait, his zeal and constant

energy were imperishable bulwarks against opposition; and he ascended the path of progress from the time that he first unsheathed his sword in defending the frontiers of his native state, until he sat in the presidential chair at New York. Actuated by the deepest and purest feelings of a patriot, he left his comfortable home with all its endearing surroundings—his aged mother whose pride he was—and came forth to fight for his country; to live a free man, or to die, and by that death to gain the liberty of a nobler and a better life.

"Whether he issued commands in the presence of the English army, or reposed under the peaceful vines of his quiet home, he was ever the same noble and exalted Washington. He was as calm before the mouth of a cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. If it appeared mad to array the crude squadrons of American colonists opposite the well-instructed armies of Great Britain, his genius was better illustrated by the great end which he accomplished.

"But why are there not more Washingtons to-day? This is a question that may well be asked by every honest American. If he but glance hastily about him, however, our present social condition will readily give him the answer. Our young are too fond of voluptuous enjoyment and the gold with which to feed it; our old are too selfish to be patriotic. Yet upon such men the progress of our nation rests. Is there not cause for anxiety, cause for fear—almost cause for despair?

"For right is right, since God is God!
And right the day must win,
To doubt would be disloyalty;
To falter would be sin."

Unselfishness and self-sacrifice alone will exalt us.
May God send them!

"Next to religion in the heart of man should be patriotism. We are bound as men to love our God, and as Christians to love our country. The prosperity of every land depends upon the justice of its laws, and the morality of its people. The American Republic was born of a Christian; she was saved by a Christian, now by the grace of God, let her flourish under Christians. Let us put away the cravings of avarice, the yearnings of ambition, the lures of sensuality; let us direct our young by the example of Washington, and inspire our old by the light of his principles. This, and this alone, will realize the ideals of optimism, and the sublime auguries of the prophets of hope. Then, in the midst of unsullied liberty our happiness will be supreme. Beyond it the gates of Paradise will shine bright and resplendent; and, above all, will be the judgment and mercy of God—the God of Washington."

The Mandolin Orchestra then played "A Night in Venice" with great effect; and after an *encore*, the principal part of the programme commenced.

"Damon and Pythias," for the first time in years, was put upon the stage of Washington Hall. Everybody knows the story of Damon and Pythias, their extraordinary friendship and the cruel tyranny of Dionysius. The Thespians, indeed, deserve all the praise bestowed upon them. In an incredibly short space of time they mastered the intricacies and assumed the characters of the play.

Of course, Damon, Mr. John A. Devanney, and Pythias, Mr. John G. Mott, claimed most attention. Mr. Devanney's interpretation of the character of Damon was exceptionally good. He possesses the happy faculty of losing all consciousness of his own existence in the overwhelming absorption of the character he assumes. His power of mimicry is more than ordinarily developed. The prison scene in the third act was natural and unaffected. But the scaffold scene was the most realistic and effective part of the play. Here voice, gesture, eloquence, and every quality which he employed, appeared to the best advantage.

Mr. Mott satisfied everyone. He has a powerful voice and he knows how to use it. The devotion, self-sacrifice and nobility of Pythias could be easily seen in Mr. Mott's representation of the character. As Pythias he was altogether satisfactory, and showed himself to be free from that stiffness that almost invariably accompanies an amateur. If a good voice, as splendid figure and, withal, a faculty of rightly discerning character are at all powerful, then Mr. Mott is effective.

Dionysius, assumed by Mr. Daniel Murphy, was consistent with our idea of him. His cruelty was well brought out on several occasions. In spite of his inhumanity he appeared a leader. His disguise when he visited Pythias in prison might have been "deeper," but this was a defect of the costume rather than of the player. Mr. Murphy is no stranger on the boards of Washington Hall. He has taken part in the Columbian and Thespian successes of the past three years, and his acting was characterized by the reticence that comes of long experience. All who knew him expected great things of him and none were disappointed. His voice is quite the best of all, clear, flexible, expressive, and never monotonous.

Mr. Daniel V. Casey, as Damocles, showed more than ordinary ability. His voice was a trifle low, but in spite of this he managed his part with skill, even to the satisfaction of his admirers. It was his first appearance, but he did not make the mistake of using too much elocution on a peaceable minor part.

The characterization of Procles, by Mr. Eustace Cullinan, was all that could be desired. His picturesque costume added much to the effect of his part. Mr. Cullinan's every motion on the stage was distinguished by the ease that belongs to a military commander.

Mr. Pulskamp surprised most of his friends. As Philistius he had a chance to show what

was in him, and he took advantage of it. He was on the verge of artificiality, but managed in the most effective moments to advance into nature. His clear enunciation was a great aid to his naturally low voice.

Mr. Shannon's acting was the most natural in the play. As Lucullus, the slave of Damon, he acquitted himself with credit. When Damon threatened him with death, because he had killed the horse that was to bear his master to the scaffold, the fear depicted in the countenance and the writhings that denote fear of the body were well represented. The final struggle was a masterpiece of both master and slave.

Mr. Samuel A. Walker and those who filled the minor parts deserve credit. Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Joseph A. Marmion, the Stage Manager, for his excellent work behind the scenes. It has been remarked by many that the shifting of the scenery has not been so effectively done for some time.

On the whole, the programme was excellently rendered. In view of the fact that the Thespians had very little time for preparation their work cannot be overestimated. Most of the glory belongs to their manager, the Rev. Father French, without whom the play would have been almost impossible. In nearly every case the costumes were appropriate and becoming, and showed great taste in their selection. All honor to the Thespians who always draw a large audience and are never found wanting!

J. B.

Local Items.

—The Carrolls again play basket-ball in the evenings.

—There is some talk of two or three local games of football.

—The ice was twenty-five inches thick just before the thaw set in.

—The SCHOLASTIC exchanges may now be found in the Sorin Hall reading-room.

—Bishop Bonacum, of Lincoln, Nebraska, was the guest of the University on Monday.

—Hand-ball reached the height of excitement in the Carroll gym during the past week.

—The bulletins for January and February will be read in the study-halls next week.

—FOUND—A good pencil case. Owner may have same by applying at students' office.

—The melting of the large amount of snow that was on the ground left the campuses in a very wet condition.

—A geometrician of Cosmopolitan Flat says that in describing a square (meal) π must be used in the conclusion.

—Owing to the illness of the Rev. Director of Studies, the List of Excellence, announced in our last issue, will not be ready until next week.

—LOST—A scarf pin; design, wish-bone set with a pearl. Finder will please return to Mr. E. McKenzie, Carroll Hall.

—The first baseball game of the year took place last Thursday afternoon between two picked nines of Carroll Hall.

—For the past week the Criticism class has been discussing the plot of a novel and the development of the characters.

—The Reverend Prefect of Discipline presided over Brownson Hall during the illness of Brothers Emmanuel and Hugh.

—The classes of Mechanics, temporarily discontinued on account of the extreme cold weather, were resumed Thursday morning.

—It is rumored that there will be no Field Day this year on May 30 as has been the custom in years past. But instead there will be a game of ball between Notre Dame and Purdue.

—Last Thursday afternoon about forty candidates for the Varsity Nine appeared on the Carroll campus in the first outdoor practice of the year. Judging from the enthusiasm shown by the players in the beginning we can prophesy nothing but success for this year's team.

—The public debate to be given by members of the Law Debating Society will take place some time during the early part of this month. The question chosen for discussion is the interesting gold and silver problem which is at the present time bothering our country so much.

—The members of the Crescent Club had a very pleasant and interesting masquerade last Saturday evening. Nearly every nationality was represented by the participants. The centre of attraction during the whole evening was Mr. D. Fitzgibbons, who was dressed as a young lady. Several others were disguised very well.

—The Belles-Lettres class has devoted the greater part of the past week to a critical study of the prose and poetry of Milton and Dryden. Some of the young men were a bit iconoclastic in tendency when the work was begun; but the most of them are ready now to put the two poets at least on a level with some of our moderns.

—The Feast of St. Patrick will be celebrated by the Columbians by the presentation of a drama, which they refuse to name. The Columbians have much excellent material to draw from, and we will expect something extraordinary on the 17th. The parts have been assigned, and the young men are hard at work.

—What shall we do with such boys? It was at the hour of six when a certain youth, noted for his humor, leaned over and said to a student near him, referring to asteroids: "They must be very friendly, for they seldom crossed one another's paths." With a sickly smile the other replied: "Yes, indeed, they are high rollers, but they move in select circles." And the class was silent while the Professor asked what Mars' eccentricity was.

—They call him "The Boss" and he is the latest addition to Sorin Hall. He has lived in Sorin for a little more than two weeks, but he has subjugated the entire establishment from the billiard-table in the basement to the water-tank in the attic. But the worm will turn; the invitations are out for a "wake" in the near future; and the light of freedom will again illumine the red-white-and-blue marbles of the halls.

—The St. Cecilians held their regular meeting last Wednesday. The election of six new members was the first thing done, after which the usual work was performed. The debate, after a close contest, was won by the affirmative side. This was followed by Mr. W. O'Brien's criticism, which was well-written and deserves credit. Owing to the long time taken up in voting, the remainder of the programme had to be postponed until the next meeting. The announcement that Professor Paul was to entertain the Cecilians in the near future proved very pleasing to the members.

—Mr. Johnson, our boat-builder, has just finished a working model of the seat intended for the new six-oared shells. It is a marvel of ingenuity. The old slides seem very clumsy beside the new seat, which runs on friction-rollers and is moved by the slightest touch. The new boats will mark a distinct advance in aquatics at Notre Dame. They will be as handsome as pleasure boats, all the metal fittings being nickel-plated, and the new seats will do away with the super-abundance of oil that was necessary to a race in the old days. The boats will be christened as soon as navigation opens and the crews are ready to take to the water.

—The beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours was begun at Notre Dame on last Sunday morning. A Solemn Mass was sung in the college church by Rev. D. J. Spillard, with Rev. M. J. Regan and Rev. W. J. Houlihan, as deacon and subdeacon. The main altar, upon which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed after the procession, was resplendent with lights and flowers. Monday and Tuesday the Catholic students found, or made, time to make many visits; and, enter when you would, dozens of them could be seen in the church, bowed in adoration before the King of kings. After another solemn procession on Tuesday evening, Benediction was given and the devotion was at an end.

—*Das Kind*, the many-sided, has found his vocation at last. He will be the Van Dyke of Chicago, if his old affection for nitro-glycerine and bull-frogs does not return with the robins and violets, and put his enthusiasm for pigments to rout. He made a raid on all the drug stores and paint shops in South Bend, and came back with a light heart and a dray-load of artist's materials. He has set up a studio on the "Sherlock Holmes" flat and paints portraits, and looks upon Hydraulics and Mechanics and the visits of curious friends as pleasant distractions from his lifework. He has done one "Portrait of a Lady," and is now at work on one of Father Walsh that is little less than remarkable for a man without anything like an academic training.

—Following is the programme of the reception tendered by the students of the University to the Most Reverend John Ireland, D. D., Archbishop of St. Paul, and the Right Reverend James McGolrick, D. D., Bishop of Duluth, on Sunday, Feb. 24, in Washington Hall:

Overture—American Airs.....*Schleppengil*
U. N. D. Orchestra.

Address.....Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, '95

Concert Waltz—Jubilee.....*Preston*
Orpheus Mandolin Orchestra.

Recitation, "The Moor's Revenge," Mr. J. Mott, Law, '95

Autoharp Solo, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Prof. Preston

Recitation—"The Uncle,".....Mr. J. Devanney, '95

Violin Quartette—Chorus from "Iphesus" *Mendelssohn*
Messrs. A. Vignos, F. W. Barton, Geo. Sweet,

E. V. Chassaing.

Closing remarks by the Most Reverend Archbishop.

—The Exchange Editor is ill, and he will pardon our poaching upon his preserves. The Local Man is suffering, too, from an acute attack of influenza and cannot help himself, and the Advertising Manager takes advantage of their absence to print the following from *The Dial*, St. Mary's College, Kansas:

"In sending out our little *Dial*—may the sun ever shine on her—to our various college exchanges, and in receiving in return their contribution to the literature of our undergraduate world, we feel that, as a rule, we are giving a *quid pro quo*. It is a fair exchange. But there is one college paper which we sincerely regard as our benefactor: it gives us more than we can repay. That paper is the *Notre Dame Scholastic*. If it came but once a month, we should place it with the *Owl*, the *Chimes*, the *Stylus*, the *Purple*, and—a few of our very brightest exchanges. But coming with its rich freight of poem and essay—*solid*, sometimes, scholarly and readable ever—coming with its exquisite literary touch on every page; coming with its freshness, its courtliness, its broadness of view; coming not once a month, but once a week—what shall we say? The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is very, very near the *ne plus ultra* of college journalism."

We do not know whether to be glad or sorry that *The Dial* itself is not a weekly. If it were, the SCHOLASTIC would certainly have to step down from the place which our exchanges seem to think is all our own, and yield it, or, at least, share it with *The Dial*. The SCHOLASTIC is jealous of its fame, but the editorial heart longeth for a weekly feast of such good things as *The Dial* provides each month for its readers.

—The programme presented by the Philodemics last evening did not bring out so large an attendance of the members as it merited. The majority of the absentees were, no doubt, taking a rest after the dramatic efforts they made on Washington's Birthday. Mr. Samuel Walker read a well-written essay, after which the question: "Resolved, That the Athletic Association of a university should be entirely independent of the President and Faculty," was ably discussed by Messrs. A. Hudson and G. Pulskamp for the affirmative, and Messrs. J. Mott and A. Vignos for the negative. The decision of the judges was given in favor of the negative. The next meeting will be devoted to a study of the works of Rudyard Kipling. These literary programmes so far have been very interesting and they should insure a large attendance.

—On Saturday evening, Feb. 23, the Law Debating Society held its regular meeting in the Law room with Col. Wm. Hoynes in the chair. After a few remarks by the President, the society listened to an interesting debate on the question: "Resolved, That imposition of the special tax on machinery, gauged according to its working capacity, would be a benefit to labor." The subject was ably discussed, and many strong arguments were advanced *pro* and *con* by Messrs. John Gallagher and James Barrett for the affirmative and Messrs. Arthur Stace and James Kennedy for the negative. After a thorough discussion of the question, the chair decided the debate in favor of the affirmative. At its conclusion, Dr. Miller entertained the members with an interesting account of the construction of the first hewed log house built in St. Joe. County in 1830, thus showing the wonderful strides that invention and progress have made in recent years.

—There has been no attempt as yet to bring together the two warring factions of the Athletic Association, and Brownson Hall is carrying on the affairs of the Association. Their Executive Committee consists of three men, Messrs. Chassaing, Halligan and Cavanagh, the other two places being left vacant to be filled by members of Sorin Hall if they should wish to re-enter the Association. The acting committee held a meeting last week and elected officers as follows: Chairman Richard Halligan; Secretary, Thomas Cavanagh; Manager of Baseball Team, Edme V. Chassaing. The committee has already settled down to work and it is fast filling up the schedule for the spring games. According to the schedule the season will be opened by a game with Ann Arbor on April 22. Stack has been pitching in the Brownson gym for the past few weeks and is fast getting his arm into trim. Close observers say that he handles the sphere even better than last year. As the time draws near for outdoor practice several new candidates for the team are making themselves known.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Davis, Dempsey, Dinkel, Devanney, Gibson, Hervey, Hudson, Kennedy, Marr, Mitchell, J. Mott, T. Mott, James McKee, John McKee, McManus, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, Murray, Marmon, Oliver, Prichard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, J. Ryan, M. Ryan, Slevin,* Shannon, Stace, Vigros, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Arnold, Anson, Barry, Baird, J. Brown, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Britz, R. Browne, Corry, Coleman, Crane, Chassaing, Costello, Crilly, Chase, Cullen, J. Cavanaugh, Conger, Davis, Dowd, Delaney, Dillon, Eymer, Follen, Falvey, Fitzsimmons, Foulks, Gibson, Golden, Galen, Guthrie, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, Harrison, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hengen, Hanrahen, Hennebry, Hennessy, Jones, Johnson, Kegler, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Landa, Lingafelter, Mathewson, R. Miller, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Monarch, Mapother, Moxley, J. Miller, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, A. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, H. A. Miller, Ind., B. L. Monahan, Metzger, C. Miller, McHugh, McKee, McGinnis, A. McCord, McGreevey, Ney, Neely, O'Mally, O'Brien, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Pearce, Reardon, Rowan, Ryan, H. Roper, E. Roper, Schulte, Sheehan, Smith, F. Smogor, Schultz, S. Steele, C. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, C. Smogor, Spalding, Schmidt, Streicher, Sweet, Thornton, Turner, Tinnen, G. Wilson, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wensinger, Wilkin, Wiss, F. Wagner, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlet, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Cottin, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Eyttinge, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Fraey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fox, Girsch, T. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Gainer, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, E. Heer, L. Heer, Hagen, Jones, Keffe, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lichtenwalter, Long, Lantry, Langley, Lowery, Lane, Landsdown, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, W. Monahan, Miller, Massey, Maurer, Minnigerode, Meirs, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, G. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, Plunkett, Pendleton, Powell, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Rasche, Shipp, Sachs, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Storey, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Steiner, Thompson, Tong, Thatman, Tuohy, Temple, Thalman, Underwood, Wallace, Waterson, Waters, Wigg, Wells, Weidmann, Zitter, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Barrett, Brinckerhoff, Bullene, Breslin, P. Boyton, N. Boyton, Brissanden, Curry, Campau, Cressy, Clarke, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cassady, Collins, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Corcoran, Cotter, Catchpole, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Egan, Elliott, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Ford, Goff, Graham, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, Hawkins, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, L. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lawton, Leach, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McNichols, McCarthy, McCorry, McNamara, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Paul, Plunkett, E. Quertimont, G. Quertimont, Roesing, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sontag, Sexton, Steele, Thompson, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann, McNichols.

* Omitted by mistake last week.